Major General the Hon. W.A. Griesbach
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SHERIDAN LAWRENCE -- A TRIBUTE

There is virtue and value in a well sounding name, otherwise parents would not spend so much time in selecting names for thier offspring. We usually have some "come-back" at those who give us our Christian names, but we must take our surnames as they are. There are, in addition, nick-names and pet-names, that are full of dynamite. The tallest man in the neighborhood is usually called "Tiny" and " "Honest Tom" will generally bear watching. I once knew a very gallant and efficient soldier whose name was Richard Wellington Pauline. His parents, as you see, had done their best for him but his ancestors had made it a bit difficult. Not so difficult for him as for his comrades who wrote home to say "Pauline and I have a dugout to ourselves," or "Pauline and I are spending our leave together."

Sheridan Lawrence is lucky. All the Lawrences that one can think of have been soldiers, statesmen or judges. "He-men" and "Go-getters" from away back. General Phil Sheridan was a highly efficient and much beloved general in the American civil war and in the Indian campaigns which followed. Sheridan Lawrence! There are no initials, abbreviations or nick-names and the names fit the man exactly.

SON OF MISSIONARY

I should say that he is about 60 years of age, stands

six feet or more tall, and probably weighs well over two hundred pounds without fat or waste tissue. He is the son of a missionary. He lives on the north bank of the Peace River at Fort Vermilion, where he has acquired and uses many sections of good land. He has flocks and herds, men servants and maid servants.

He turns his pigs into lard, hams and bacon in his own packing house. He grinds his wheat into flour in his own flour and grist mill and manufactures his timber into lumber in his own saw mill. He sells his products to the neighbors, to the trappers and traders who outfit at Vermillion or down the Peace river to the North Land. The Lawrence place looks like a large and prosperous village. Sheridan Lawrence has turned himself into a school district, but perhaps I ought to deal with that by another line of approach.

Sheridan Lawrence has lived in the Vermilion country nearly all his life. It must be thirty years ago, now, since he married pretty Julia Scott, also the daughter of a missionary and only sister of Osborne Scott, general passenger agent of the Canadian National Railway company at Winnipeg. Fifteen children have been born to them. Eight girls and seven boys--all handsome, splendid specimens--replicas of the parental stock. It wasn't so very difficult for Sheridan Lawrence to turn himself into a school district. Mrs. Lawrence is a university graduate and she found time to ground her children in the rudiments of a sound education--the school carried on the work. One

of the daughters has taught this school and another may be still doing so. I fancy that there are now other children besides the Lawrences.

A VERSATILE FAMILY

The boys can handle all the machinery on the place and are by turns millers, sawyers, plant men, carpenters, engineers, farmers and stockmen. The girls are going in for various forms of women's work and are all capable, accomplished and attractive.

There is not, probably, another family like the Lawrences in this country. They are well off, generous and hospitable. When one goes to visit them one doesn't go for a meal but for weeks. Indians and half-breeds who work about the place have the air of retainers on a baronial estate. With the exception of groceries, every thing consumed on the place is grown there. No one in want has ever been turned away unsatisfied.

It should be observed that Fort Vermilion is about three hundred miles down the Peace river from Peace River town, and about three hundred and sixty miles due north of Edmonton.* At Vermilion there is a Hudson's Bay post, an Anglican and Roman Catholic mission, with schools, hospital and the like and a few other buildings. Near by there is a cominion government experimental farm. There are a limited number of white settlers round about. The finest vegetables and grain one would wish to see are grown here. Owing to the northern latitude sunshine in summer is almost continuous and the crops never stop growing. Some day the Fort

* distance?- Peace River town 317 miles north west of Edmonton.

Vermilion country will sustain a large and prosperous population; just now the only means of communication is by steamboat in the summer and by trail in the winter.

HOW HE TRAVELS

It was in 1921 I think that a party from the Edmonton Board of Trade visited Vermilion, travelling by the S.S. Thomas from Peace River town. On our return journey up-stream and a few miles out from Vermilion we were signalled by a man on the north bank. The steamer drew in to the shore and Sheridan Lawrence came up the gang plank. He was carrying a small brown leather valise in one hand and an odd-shaped parcel done up in brown paper in the other. He was given a bunk in a cabin and I saw his parcels in his bunk. He mingled with the passengers with boyish enjoyment and took a leading part in the horse-play with which we passed the time. He was going to Peace River town to transact some banking business which he said would only take him ten minutes to do.

Several days later I met him on the bank of the river at Peace River. He had finished his business and was getting ready to go home. He still had his brown valise and brown paper parcel and in addition, a hammer and saw, some nails, groceries, fry pan and kettle, gasoline and oil in tins which he had apparently just purchased. While talking to me he went over to a lumber pile nearby and returned with an armful of boards and began to fashion, and in an incredibly short time completed, a rude boat or punt before my eyes. He launched his craft and put his

supplies on board and undid the wrappings of his mysterious brown paper parcel. It was a three-horse power outboard engine, commonly called a "kicker." He clamped it onto the stern of his boat, gave her a few kicks, shook hands and was off. I watched him until he passed out of sight between the piers of the big birdge. "Sheridan" said a bystander, "will never let up, except to boil his kettle and fry some bacon, until he gets home. He will do it in about 30 hours"--and he did.

IS GREAT ALBERTAN

We have had some very interesting characters in this country--strong, virile and vigorous men who have done much for Alberta but all of them have passed on. Here is a man very much alive and very much on the job, who takes rank with the best of them. He is one of our great Albertans. When I think of his simplicity of mind, his terrific energy, his wide-eyed courage, his faith in his country, his kindness and generosity there occur to me some of the lines from Kipling's "If":

"If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
"If you can dream and not make dreams your master
"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
"With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
"Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
"And--which is more--you'll be a man, my son."